



The Runday Shag

Founded April 14, 1975 Banned from Box Hill, 1989 - Returned to Box Hill, 1998 MOA 2 2438

Date 9 Oct 2022
Hare Dormouse and Mo
Venue Box Hill
OnOn The Tree

NOSTALGIA - WILL IT EVER BE WHAT IT USED TO BE?

Grand Master :
Hash Flash
(aka Neil Wilson-Harris)

Joint Masters:
Uncle Gerry / Gibber
(aka Gerry Gurney)
01372 386921 (h)

Ms Bean
(aka Joanna Cole)

Religious Advisor :
Le Pro
(aka Stuart Gibb)

Clutcher's Mate :
Birthing Blanket
(aka Stephanie Ward)

Hash Cash :
J Arthur
(aka Arthur Thomas)

Trail Master:
Belcher
(aka Peter Edwards)

DapperHasherie:
Fleur D'Or
(aka Hazel Craig)

Temporary Biermeister:
Tequil'over
(aka Richard Piercy)

On Sec:
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(aka Richard Piercy)
01372 454907 (h)
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Main Scribe :
FRB
(aka Peter Hughes)

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Urgent Contact Line:
07484 134245

For use before, during, or after the trail for urgent or important contact.



Some time before he moved on, Stephen Hawking was moving towards a belief in a multi-universe comprising a series of infinite parallel universes. This is something that all hashers have recognised as an actuality for a long time. And so it was that our very own Capt. Steve 'Dormouse' Kirk embarked on an expedition to explore this phenomenon in the vicinity of Box Hill, to (boldly ? - Teq) take us on a journey where no man has been before and without the need for USS Enterprise. At least, that is, nobody had been there between 1989 and 1998 if legend is to be believed.

A goodly sized pack, mostly sporting something orange in memory of Portaloo, was

the same way as Lyra had done in 'His Dark Material'. The joy of stepping through an unmarked door in the vegetation and onto another trail was untrammelled.

Doubters in the readership, if any have read this far (I have! - Teq, but I sort of HAVE to!), may think that it was all part of a single trail but such could not have been the case. No single trail could have had such discontinuity, such profusion of twists and turns, such diversity – and so many blank bits.

At one point I did believe that I might be in the same universe as another hasher, the Hash Horn in fact, as some notes of the Last Post and something like Flower of Scotland (the melody not Le Pro) wafted on

gathered in the launch pad area, drawn by the thought of adventure, sunshine and a frolic on a balmy autumnal day. Duly, blast off was accompanied by a suitable series of blasts on The Horn and all set off in the direction of the Downs quarry. No little trepidation there with concerns that the trail would drop down towards Betchworth. But No, it was nothing more than a back check with the solution back across the road. A simple device to confuse the mind and prepare it for the changes in the perception of reality that were to come.

Once securely through the mobile home park the doors to those other universes

the breeze but the source faded away into the distance in altogether the wrong direction.

No sign of lorek 'Sven' Byrnison, the armoured Dane, no doubt engaged in the battles of another world. No evil witches flying overhead. All quite tame really.

Back in the launch pad area and a return to the current universe, devoid of hashers but fortunately with Bongo open. It seems that at some parallel place a drink stop had been set up by Mo and numerous of her kin. I suspect that actually nobody had done any of the run, they had just stood around the drink stop from the beginning, chattering, gossiping and sunbathing. Anyway, all and sundry did start to trickle back around 12.30 to a feast of

began to open with the pack milling around and heading off in every which direction. Capt. Dormouse claimed there would only be the option to move into one other universe but this appeared to be not the case. I certainly discovered many others, all with an abundance of flour. The last hasher I saw or heard was Atalanta trotting firmly and decisively in the opposite direction. From then on, I was on my own. True, I dallied to do a bit of foraging, having found an abundance of good sized chestnuts, but all the rest of the pack had stepped out of this world, gone, vanished.

Now freedom to step freely from world to world in much

absolutely out of this world cakes prepared laid on by Mo and family. There was ginger cake and coffee and walnut cake and apple crumble cake to name but a few. A fitting tribute to the memory of Portaloo.

(Long may his cake be remembered! - Teq)
OnOn T-K(ake) Tosser





J Arthur, back from Hols has long conversation with his imaginary friend

Our and Other Hash Events 2022

06-Nov-2022—CAMRA Hash by HursleyHHH.
 New Alresford, Hampshire : An opportunity for southern hashes to meet and catch up and sample our local beers
 Alresford Community Centre, 7 West Street, Alresford SO24 9AG
SIGN UP at least 8 SH3 going!!!

POPEYE's BIRTHDAY PARTY LIST HAS CLOSED

*Thanks to all the people who have opted in to Popeye's 70th birthday party. We are looking forward to seeing you on 5th November.
 Regrettably, we are now not able to include any more potential revellers.*



Run 2439
 Date 16-Oct-2022
 Hare(s) Birthing de "B" and Fleur d'Or
 Venue Upper Puttenham Common cp
 On On The Good Intent
 Post Code GU3 1BE
 OS SU919462
 what3words remark.pardon.spellings
 Scribe FRB and

Directions

From M25J10, A3 to just past Guildford. Then on to Hogs Back (A31). After 2 miles take slip road signposted Puttenham, Compton, Wanborough, Normandy.
 At end of slip road turn left, after .5 mile turn right into Puttenham (The Street). Just before the Good Intent Pub turn left into Suffield Lane and follow for 2 miles, turn right into first Car Park (Upper Puttenham Common).

It's a small pub. Plenty of space outside for drinkers. To book lunch (advised!): The Good Intent is 01708 554644 .



Chunderos says this guy Knows his Hashing; he carries a case of Guinness in the "Back Box" (still haven't manage to get his and friend's names, anybody help me with that?)

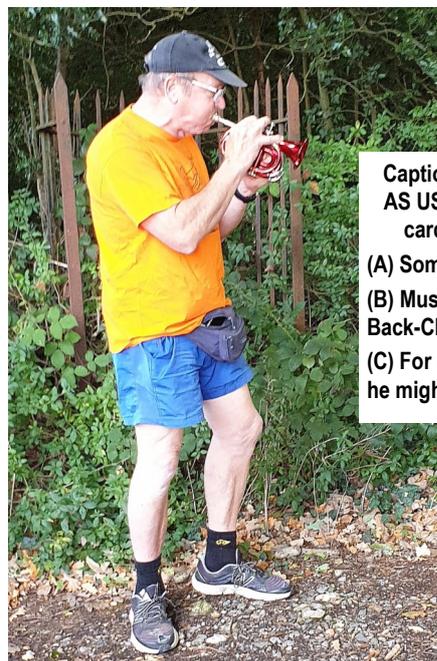
Receding Hare-Line 2022 - Runs start at 11:00 sharp!

2440	23 Oct	OITE	Bletchingly
2441	30 Oct	Eveready - Halloween	Spook Hill
2442	6 Nov	Tosser SH3 (and CAMRA)	
2443	13 Nov	Atalanta	Surrey !
2444	20 Nov		
2445	27 Nov		

Email belcher@surreyh3.org to volunteer for trails

OLD boys Corner.... Continued

John Burgess A message from John Cooke (his Lords cricket mate!) ; "I visited John, the Pacemaker, seems a success - Hooray! John is in good spirits, they are trying to get him back to better health, but it will probably take a little time".
 More news when it is obtained. Email Teq for contact details.



Caption competition choice. AS USUAL replies on a post card with SAE for prize:
 (A) Some arse with a bugle.
 (B) Musician delights Hash at Back-Check.
 (C) For all the good it is doing he might as well

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SAYING GOODBYE TO PORTALOO ON BOX HILL

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Our household does not sport a single orange garment, so like any Catholic faced with an impressive Orange display I wore green. As has happened before from this pub, the trail started south; but that usually requires an early descent of the hill (and an eventual climb back up), so hares do on occasion give the first check a solution back to the pub. I can proudly report that today J. Arthur and I were the first to realise this was happening again. (The flour when found had not been there at the start, but I suppose this is legitimate?)

So we began the real trail in that housing estate we have visited before, but in fairness to the hares they then made original and ingenious use of familiar territory. They had the

advantage of an admirable ancillary in Popeye, as an enthusiastic and clued-up Checking Chicken; his assistance early on was especially important when the front runners were all at sixes and sevens over a particular check.

We debated as to whether we were running a left-hander or a right-hander, not anticipating the ingenuity of the hares in transcending so simple a categorisation. We went east, then north, then south: a left-hander then. Not at all; the trail took us back up north and then turned east again, making any return to the pub impossible without crossing the out-trail. Well, Doug and I said so at the time, and I suppose most

people had realised this, but Le Pro expressed shock and horror when it happened.

Figure of 8 trails are usually fatal. The Bounder once succeeded by using three dimensions (a bridge took us over where we had been before) and Popeye did it well a few years ago, but generally the pack will find the wrong flour and all will be lost. Today I rather think Dormouse put down the required flour after we had been through the pinch-point the first time. Not that we needed it, though the eager-beaver Atalanta ran on it; the rest of us followed the counsel of Joint Master Miss Bean, who said confidently "The walkers went that way". How she knew this escapes me; they must have been there long before, since we did not overtake them, but rather found them at a sip

stop serving Portaloo's favourite tippie, a curious red concoction.

So, a very pleasant morning in continuous sunshine on a clever trail: a successful tribute to a popular hasher, Portaloo.

"Grow the pie" is much worse than a clumsy, muddled metaphor. (Pies cannot be grown). Its main thrust, economic growth, is irreconcilable with the future of the human race. Politicians confuse happiness with prosperity, wealth with well-being. In reality the happiest communities are those where wealth differences are least (currently in Scandinavia). The planet could not even feed all its people if all ate as much as those in the United States, never mind all the other desired aspects of consumption; with finite resources and a growing world population, planet Earth

must be the first and foremost in our PM's "anti-growth coalition" The challenge for those of us who admit out membership of this community is to provide alternative desiderata than wealth, other modes of well-being than an increasing income. Hashing is an excellent example: a cheerful community keeping active in the open air, with good humour and friendship, all without conspicuous consumption. But we do need one form of growth: more younger members!

FRB





He's gone back to look for his "imaginary" friend!

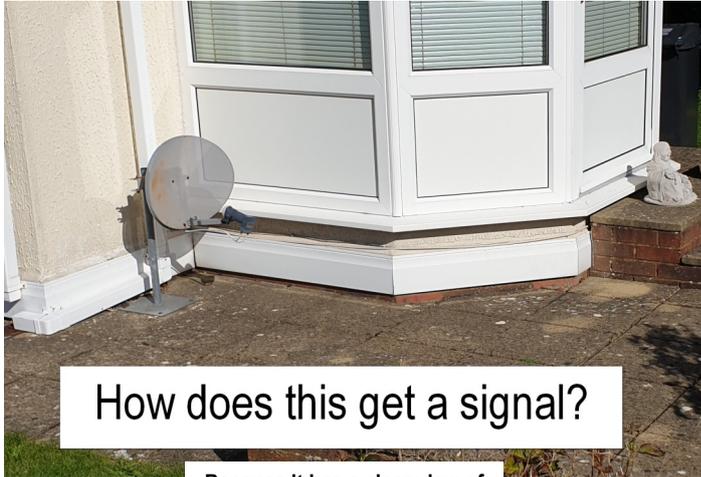


Bungle, Humpy, Chundy, Firsty and Poshey ... go into some woods



Follow that Guinness Waggon!





How does this get a signal?

Because it has a clear view of the southern horizon?



Dregs



McDreg ?



McDreg Net?

Date : 7 October 2022

Hare: Legolas

Venue: Brokham

OnOn: TapHouse

SH3FFH GIVE IT SOME IN BROKHAM

SO; in 4 months we are due an annual review of the last 12 months with prizes galore – I feel that the prize for hasher most often dobbed by MB to do the write up will be a truly narrow field).

The e mails before this trail generously filled my inbox with the options for food and reminders about options for food. The dilemma arose as there are no less than 3 pubs on the village Green – Lucky buggers!!! There may be some learning here that sometimes an executive decision is easier than trying to please all of the people all of the time. (sorry “Six and Ninepence”; NOT 3 pubs but ; 1 Restaurant (posh), 1 “not sure we are completely open” Pub, and a newish“ Community Pub” with free band and cheap beer! - Teq)

So despite the risk of rain and it being dark, a fair size motely crew of about 18 hashers reported for duty at a seedy bus shelter - usually home to the local 16 year old white lightning brigade.

Seen at the start – maybe not by everyone - were the much maligned book thief Proxy, 3s4d, Atalanta the fast, MB the flasher, Lady C , Squid, Birthing, EagleEye, Le Pro (not lost for a change), Rhum – on a rare break between holidays, Our harriet Legoverlass, Two co hares, Bods (armed with some truly wonderful jokes) and Petal with his dog (at this point the dog didn't know how the evening would roll out for him). Not seen at the start were Chunderos and Teq – presumably on ale sampling duty somewhere. Nor Uncle Gerry and Mrs G who were later spotted sampling the fayre of the Royal Oak.

The usual briefing for a hash – told us lots of stuff we didn't need to know but not “how many and on”... we eventually concluded it was “1 n on”.

Armed with head torches (but less Hi-Vis than was probably needed for a trail including a fair bit of busy road) off we set hither and thither , checking and chatting. We spread out we bunched up. After a while we arrived at Betchworth church – allegedly the setting for 4 weddings.

This gave us a long short split. Petal, Bods and 3s4d led the lazy b8stards. 3s4d broke into trot to escape another “Dr Dr” joke from bods.

We all re-coalesced (FRBs and SCBs) at our cars. Most got changed into their glad rags, Atalanta and the Judd family hashers couldn't be arsed.

In the pub (The Betchworth TapHouse) Attie and Lego sorted the pizzas – good value at 6£ a head – who said head...

There were 3 decent ales on at reasonable prices (for Surrey). We dominated the mezzanine floor quicker than a Zelensky motorised division in the Donbas. Le Pro sort of organised some down downs ... Teq for his manifold e mails..... Uncle Gerry for walking around like private Fraser saying wer'e all doomed (to get covid in this packed pub). The harriet and helpers. Lady C for something or other – possibly for having to put up with her moaning git of a husband. First time I've seen a “silent pool and slim-line” down down.....

The band struck up – Petal's dog ran for cover next to Squid. The SFFHHH started dancing – not sure who was swaying most; them – or the mezzanine deck – it was close. The locals loved us drowning out the vocalists. Allegedly the bass player was Joe strummer – not the one from the clash though... I think he once bought a coffee from Wimpy's for someone who knew someone in led Zeppelin.

A great night out.

If Carlsberg did hashing they would do a Surrey First Friday Hash.

Rest of Surrey hash you don't know what you're missing.....

On On 3s4d

